NORTH-VVARD HOE.

Sundry times Acted by the Children of Paules.

By Thomas Decker, and
Iohn Webſter.

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NORTH-WARD HOE.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-ſhield with Fetherſtone booted.

Feth. ART ſure old *Maybery* Innes here to night,

Gree. A Tis certaine the honeſt knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer ſince I knew *Ware* aſſures me of it, and more being a *Londoner* though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requeſted his company at ſupper.

Feth. Excellent occaſion: how wee ſhall carry our ſelues in this buſines is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking: if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coyneſſe.

Feth. Suppoſe it ſhe ſhould be chaſt,

Gree. O hang her: this art of ſeeming honeſt makes many of our young ſonnes and heires in the City, looke ſo like our prentiſes,----Chamberlaine.

Cha. Heare Sir. *Enter Chamberlaine.*

Gree. This honeſt knaue is call'd *Innocence*, iſt not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwe't at *Dunſtable* not long ſince, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interuiew twenty times & not ſo little I proteſt: how chance you left dunſtable Sirra?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne droopt euer ſince the peace in *Ireland*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *London* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at Dunſtable: the next morning when they had broke their faſt togeather the wenches brought them to [illegible]kly 'ith hole, & ſo the one for *London* the other for *Weſtcheſter*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke Yorke* Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes ſcant of the Propheſy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* ſhall-be.

Cha. Yes Sir, tis fullfild, *Yorke* ſhalbe, that is, it ſhalbe *Yorke* ſtill, ſurely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue ſome Cray-fiſh, and a Spitchcocke.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

Cham. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of:

Green. Most kindly welcome--I beseech you hold our bouldnesse excused Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke. *Feth.* Whether Trauaile you I beseech you.

May. To *London* Sir we came from *Sturbridge.*

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with being at Sturbridge; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of fiue lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeoman ful-but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forhead, in the goose markt number of freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate: like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon: here two gentlemen making a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack; there a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispingly; here two in one corner of a shop: Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding togither while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen; twas like a campe for in other Coutries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent discription of it in a Comedy: but whether are you trauailyng Gentlemen?

Feth Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voiage, but vpō better consideration we alterd our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogither triuial in-sooth: but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euery gētle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discource to haue you censure the state of our quarrel. *Bel.* Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in the Citty, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affectiō stoopt to.

May. Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

Feth. Vpon your promise of secresie.

Bel. You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Green.

Green. She was and by report ſtill is wife to a moſt graue and well reputed Cittizen. *May.* And entertaind your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill: the violence as it ſeemed of her affection--but alas it proued her diſſembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew her eyes with loue dropps; O ſhe could the art of woman moſt feelingly.

Bel. Moſt feelingly.

May. I ſhould not haue lik'd that feelingly had ſhe beene my wife, giue vs ſome ſack heare and in faith--- we are all friends; & in priuate---- what was her huſbands name.---- Ile giue you a carouſe by and by.

Green. O you ſhall pardon mee his name, it ſeemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee diſcourſe inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night ſhould I tell his name.

Bel. Your modeſty in this wiues commendation; on ſir.

Green. In the paſſage of our loues, (amongſt other fauours of greater valew) ſhe beſtowed vpon me this ring which ſhe proteſted was her huſbands gift.

May. The poeſie, the poeſie--O my heart, that ring good infaith:

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her. *May.* Kiſſing and ſo forth. *Green.* I Sir.

Ma. And talking to her feelingly. *Gre.* Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith you are of a good complexion.

Green. Lying with her as I ſay: and riſing ſome-what early frō her in the morning, I loſt this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed. *Feth.* How do you Sir.

May. Nothing: lettes haue a fire chamberlaine; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue ſuch a ſhudering: ith' bed you ſay; *Green.* Right Sir, in Miſtris *Maiberies* ſheetes.

May. Was her name *Maybery.*

Green Beſhrew my tongue for blabbing, I preſume vpon your ſecreſy. *May.* O God Sir, but where did you find your looſing;

Green. Where I found her falſneſſe: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confeſſion partaking the like inioyment; found this ring the ſame morning on her pillowe, and ſham'd not in my ſight to weare it.

May. What did ſhee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her huſband was forth a Towne all this while,

and

and he poore man trauaild with hard Egges in's pocket, to ſaue the charge of a baite, whilſt ſhe was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Maibery*.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honeſt man; lets be merry; will not your miſtriſſe?-gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth Gree. Yes.

May. Will not your Miſtreſſe make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no ſuch legerdemaine had bin acted.

Green. Yes ſhe hath reaſon for't, for in ſome countries, where men and women haue good trauailing ſtomackes, they begin with porredge; then they fall to Capon or ſo-forth: but if Capon come ſhort of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their onely courſe, ſo for our women in *England*.

May. This wit taking of long iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and ſailing to Weſtminſter makes a number of Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't,

Feth. Green. Mony ſir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth 'tis of no great valew, and conſidering the loſſe, and finding of this ring made breach into your friendſhip, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchaſe his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

Green. What my Miſtris gift?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; Ile giue you my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promiſe to conceale it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No Sir.

May. He ſhall neuer then I proteſt: looke you this ring doth fitte me paſſing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fitted you.

May. This walking is wholeſome, I was a cold euen now, now I ſweat for't.

Feth.

Feth. Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke*. Gentlemen weele downe and haſten ſupper.

May. Looke you, we muſt be better acquainted that's all.

Exeunt Green. and Feth.

Green. Moſt willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the proofe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man?

May. I am fooliſh old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wiſe *Maybery* too; Ile to London preſently, begon Sir.

Bell. How, how?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe miſtake mee Maiſter *Bellamont*; I am not diſtempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be reſolu'd of it, and to be reſolued of it, is to make no queſtion of it, and when a caſe is out of queſtion; what was I ſaying?

Bell. Why looke you, what a diſtraction are you falne into?

May. If a man be deuorſt, doe you ſee, deuorſt *ferma Iuris*, whether may he haue an action or no, gainſt thoſe that make hornes at him?

Bell. O madneſſe! that the frailty of a woman ſhould make a wiſe man thus idle! yet I proteſt to my vnderſtanding, this report ſeemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wiſe and I liſt too: what ſayes my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed that breeds ſome ſuſpition: for the reſt moſt groſe and open, for two men, both to loue your wife, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occaſion in the world, to thruſt vpon you a diſcourſe of a quarrell, with circumſtance ſo diſhoneſt, that not any Gentleman but of the countrie bluſhing, would haue publiſht, I and to name you: doe you know them?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue ſeene them walke muffled by my ſhop.

Bell. Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London*: come ſtriue to blow ouer theſe clowdes.

May.

May. Not a clowd, you ſhall haue cleane Moone-ſhine, they haue good ſmooth lookes the fellowes.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee truſted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue ſome Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a fooliſh tradeſman, and yet Ile be a wiſe tradeſman. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, *and* Chartley, *after them* Philip *arreſted.*

Phil. Arreſt me? at whoſe ſute? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuer-poole,* ſtay, Ime arreſted. *Omn.* Arreſted?

1. *Ser.* Gentlemen breake not the head of the peace; its to no purpoſe, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you ſee hee's fangd.

Doll. Vds life, doe you ſtand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-noſed varlets.

Phil. Hold *Doll*, thruſt not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers ſtep back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith ſtreete, and not ith' Tauerne entrie, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wee did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt? Drawer, ſome wine.

Enter Drawer.

1. *Ser.* Foure ſcore pound: can you ſend for Baile Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot ſtay.

Doll. You cannot, you paſty-footed Raſcalls, you will ſtay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure ſcore pounds drawes deepe; farewell *Doll*, come Serieants, Ile ſtep to mine Vncle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he ſhall baile mee: if not, *Chartly* you ſhall finde me playing at Span-counter, and ſo farewell. Send mee ſome Tobacco. 1. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

2. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges. *Exeunt.*

Doll. Ime as melancholy now?

Chart. Villanous ſpitefull luck, Ile hold my life ſome of theſe ſawſie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee ſir! no by Gad Sir, wee ſcorne to haue a *Iudas* in our company.

Leuer-

Lener. No,no,hee was dogd in,this is the end of all dyeing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my ſhoe pry thee: the new knot as thou ſeeſt this: *Philip* is a good honeſt Gentleman, I loue him becauſe heele ſpend, but when I ſaw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out,haſt done boy?

Draw. Yes forſooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

Doll. How now good-man rogue.

Draw. Nay ſweete Miſtreſſe *Doll.*

Doll. Doll! you reprobate! out you Bawd for ſeauen yeares by the cuſtome of the Citty.

Draw. Good Miſtris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate yourthe rotten toothd raſcall, will for ſixe pence fetch any whore to his maiſters cuſtomers: and is euery one that ſwims in a Taffatie gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare,that Gentlewomen and Drawers,muſt ſuck at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnſeaſonable puck-fiſt? doe you grin?

Chart. Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my ſweete *Doll*,a pox a this ſwaggering.

Doll. Fox a your gutts,your kidneys; mew: hang yee,rooke: I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-ſtreete in a long vacation.

Lener. Melancholy? come weele ha ſome mould Sack.

Doll. When begins the terme?

Chart. Why? haſt any ſuites to be tryed at Weſtminſter?

Doll. My Sutes you baſe ruffian haue beene tryed at Weſtminſter already: ſo ſoone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it ſtands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-croſſe,for if there be any ſtirrings,there we ſhall haue 'em: or if ſome Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! theſe *Flemmings* pay ſoundly for what they take.

Leuer. If thou't haue a lodging Weſt-ward *Doll*, Ile fitte thee.

Doll. At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cal'd a Licutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I ſcorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee mainteined with Prouant and dead

pay? no: the Mercer must bee paide, and Sattin gowne bee tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—Are all the Quest-houses broken vp?

Leuer. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Christmasse fled West-ward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light sneakingly.

Chart. But *Doll*, whats the plot thou spakst off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-stinckers, and such like are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellowes therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe; wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another.

Both: Very good.

Doll I will therefore take a faire house in the Citty: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so foorth, and of such a carriage, and such quallities, and so forth: to set it off the better, old *Iack Hornet* shall take vppon him to bee my Father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

Doll. For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know vve shall haue Gudgions bite presently: if they doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellowes; as occasion setues, you shall vveare liueries and vvaite, but vvhen Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentlemen, and keepe them company: seeke out *Iack Hornet* incontinently.

Leuer. Wee will: come *Charely*, vveele playe our partes I warrant.

Doll.

Doll. Doe ſo:—
The world's a ſtage, from which ſtrange ſhapes we borrow:
To day we are honeſt, and ranke knaues to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, *and a Prentice.*

May. Where is your Miſtris, villaine? when went ſhe abroad?

Prent. Abroad Sir, why aſſoone as ſhe was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, downe Sir, ſo ſir: Maiſter *Bellamont*, I will tell you a ſtrange ſecret in Nature, this boy is my wiues bawd.

Bell. O fie ſir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he has no double chin.

Pren. No ſir, nor my breath does not ſtinke, I ſmell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vitæ*: I vſe not to bee drunke with Sack and Sugar: I ſweare not God dam me, if I know vvhere the party is, when 'tis a lye and I doe know: I was neuer Carted (but in harueſt) neuer vvhipt but at Schoole: neuer had the Grincoms: neuer ſold one Maiden-head ten ſeuerall times, firſt to an *Engliſhman*, then to a *Welſhman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a pockie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdſt me with trickes, vvhilſt my Wife grafts grafts, away, trudge, run, ſearch her out by land, and by water.

Pren. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile ſearch her by water, for it may be ſhees gone to *Brainford*. *Exit.*

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts are you mad?

Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.

Bel. Ile chide you: goe too, Ile chide you ſoundly.

May. Oh maiſter *Bellamont*!

Bel. Oh Maiſter *Maybery*! before your Seruant to daunce a Lancaſhire Horne-pipe: it ſhewes worſe to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that ſees not the fiddles: Sfoot you talke like a Player.

Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Aſſe, and knowes not vvhat hee talkes, then Ime one: you are a Poet Maiſter *Bellamont*, I vvill beſtow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor pleaſe Gentlemen.

Bella. I thinke it would: yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles: I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you ſtand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part: Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither: you weare yellow hoſe without cauſe.

May. With-out cauſe, when my Mare beares double: without cauſe? *Bell.* And without wit.

May. When two Virginall Iacks skip vp, as the key of my inſtrument goes downe! *Bel.* They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wiues ring does ſmoake for't.

Bell. Your wiues ring may deceiue you.

May. O Maiſter *Bellamont*! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it ſhould neuer haue greeued mee.

Bel, You wrong her vpon my ſoule.

Mai. No, ſhe wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle? what flutter you for Sea-pye?

Ser. Not to catch fiſh Sir, my young Maiſter, your ſonne maiſter *Philip* is taken priſoner. *Bel.* By the *Dunkirks*.

Ser. Worſe: by Catch-polls: hee's encountred.

Bel. Shall I neuer ſee that prodigall come home.

Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him. *Bel.* For how much lyes he?

Ser. The debt is foure ſcore pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foure ſcore and ten, ſo that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

Bel. His childs part ſhal now be paid, this mony ſhalbe his laſt, & this vexation the laſt of mine: if you had ſuch a ſonne maiſter *Mauberie*. *Mai.* To ſuch a wife, twere an excellent couple.

Bel. Releaſe him, and releaſe me of much ſorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more: goe redeeme him. *Enter Prentice and*

Prent. Here's the party Sir. *Maiberies wife.*

Mai. Hence, and lock faſt the dores, now is my prize.

Prent. If ſhe beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

Bel. I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

Mai. No, I will like a Iuſtice of peace, grow to the point: are not you a whore: neuer ſtart: thou art a Cloth-worker, and haſt turnd me.

Wife.

Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

May. Into a Ciuill Suite: into a ſober beaſt: a Land-rat, a Cuckold: thou art a common bedfellow, art not? art not?

Wif. Sir this Language, to me is ſtrange, I vnderſtand it not.

May. O! you ſtudie the french now.

Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.

May. I made a ſallade of that herbe: doeſt ſee theſe fleſh-hookes, I could teare out thoſe falſe eyes, thoſe Cats eyes, that can ſee in the night: punck I could.

Bel. Heare her anſwer for her ſelfe.

VVif. Good Maiſter *Bellemont*,
Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,
Should any but your ſelfe ſhoote out theſe names,
I would put off all female modeſty,
To be reueng'd on him.

May. Know'ſt thou this ring? there has bin old running at the ring ſince I went.

VVife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,
That ſtole it from my hand: he was a villayne:
That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,
When they ſtood ſtoutly for me: tooke your part:
And ſtead of collours fought vnder my ſheetes.

Wife. I know not what you meane.

May. They lay with the: I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me! if euer I had thought vncleane,
In deteſtation of your nuptiall pillow:
Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body
Dead to this earth: that ſlaue, that damned fury
(Whoſe whips are in your tongue to torture me)
Caſting an eye vnlawfull on my cheeke,
Haunted your thre-ſhold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baytes which luſt and credulous youth,
Apply to our fraile ſex: but thoſe being weake
The ſecond ſeige he layd was in ſweete wordes.

Mai. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At laſt he takes me ſitting at your dore,

Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to reſtore it ſtraight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did demand it, but he mad with rage
And with deſires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,
That ring ſhould mee vndo: and now belike
His ſpells haue wrought on you. But I beſeech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,
Diſgrace me in the habit of your ſlaue,
Lodge me in ſome diſcomfortable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my ſight,
Till of this ſlander I my ſoule acquite.

Bel. Guiltleſſe vpon my ſoule.

May. Troth ſo thinke I.
I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppoſ'd they drew in mine: my ſtreame of iealozy,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horſe
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now ſpy my error:
Villaines you haue abuſ'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads: driue in your teares
I take your word ya're honeſt, which good men,
Very good men will ſcarce do to their wiues.
I will bring home theſe ſerpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne boſome: wife I charge you
Set out your hauiours towards them in ſuch collours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it ſo,
Ile candy o're my words, and ſleeke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrace 'em
And with this—go too.

Wife. Oh we ſhall haue murder—you kill my heart.

May. No: I will ſhed no bloud,
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong
Teach others way to right: Ile fetch my blow
Faire and a far off and as Feneers vſe
Tho at the foote I ſtrike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip *and ſeruant* *Bel.*

Bel. Ile ioyne with you: lets walke: oh! heres my Sonne. Welcome a shore Sir: from whence come you pray.

Pil. From the house of praier and fasting---the Counter.

Bel. Art not, thou asham'd to bee seene come out of a prison.

Pil. No Gods my Iudge, but I was asham'd to goe into prison.

Bel. I am told sir, that you spend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman.

Phil. I ha seene light gold sir, passe away amongst Mercers.

Bel. And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taffaty gownes, and silke petticoates.

Phil. None but Taylors will say so, I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe: I confesse I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that?

May. Mary that has euery body Maister *Philip*.

Bel. Leaue her company, or leaue me, for shee's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is *Dorothy* sir, I hope thats no il name.

Bel. What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Sbloud sir what does he with her?

Bel. Doest meane to marry her? of what birth is shee? what are her commings in, what does she liue vpon?

Phillip. Rents sir, Rents, shee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father, if destiny dogge mee I must haue her: you haue often tould mee the nine Muses are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-meates, the Southery man Sallades, the Essex man a Calfe, the Kentishman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welshman Leekes and Cheese, and your Londoners rawe Mutton, so Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

Bella. Stay, looke you Sir, as hee that liues vpon Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee eates grasse

graſſe you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Aſſe, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekes, ſo, thou fooliſh Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a ſlaue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maiſter *Maiberie*, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot —— Sir if I haue her, Ile ſpend more in muſtard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

Both. More ſaucy knaue thou. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. *Scena.* 1.

Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole *and* Chartly *like ſeruingmen.*

Horn. AM I like a fidlers baſe violl (new ſet vp,) in a good caſe boies? iſt neate, is it terſe! am I hanſome? ha!

Omn. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder ſheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

Leuer. Sfoot if he ſhould come before a Church-warden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords ſteward at leaſt.

Horn. If I had but a ſtaffe in my hand, fooles wud thinke I were one of *Simon* and *Iudes* gentlemen vſhers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they ſay three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but Ime ſure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuaſt well, yet tis no law-ſuite, for twas diſpatcht ſooner than a poſſet on a wedding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee Iack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.

Horn. Punck, I ſhall bee a ſimple father for you: how does my chaine ſhow now I walke.

Dol. If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldſt not ſhow better.

Chart. But how ſit our blew-coates on our backes.

Dol. As they do vpon banckrout retainers backes at Saint *Georges* feaſt in *London*: but at *VVeſtminſter*, It makes 'em ſcorne the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-canioned hobbi-horſes, praunce vp and downe as if ſome a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

Hor. Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis like ſome haue ridden 'em,

'em: and there-vpon the Cittizens Prouerbe riſes, when hee ſayes; he truſts to a broken ſtaffe.

Doll. *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and ſhame your adopted Daughter.

Horn. I will looke grauely *Doll*, (doe you ſee boyes) like the fore-man of a Iury: and ſpeake wiſely like a Lattin Schoole-maiſter, and be ſurly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of a priſon.

Leuer. You muſt lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

Horn. No ſhop-keeper ſhall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer: when I hem boyes, you ſhall duck: when I cough and ſpit gobbets *Doll*.

Doll. The pox ſhall be in your lungs *Hornet*.

Hor. No *Doll*, theſe with their high ſhoes ſhall tread me out.

Doll, All the leſſons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to ſtand bare.

Horn. And not to be ſawcie as Seruing-men are.

Char. Come, come, we are no ſuch creatures as you take vs for.

Dol If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, freſh Salmon you ſweete villaines ſhall be no meate with vs.

Horn. Stoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine is Copper: but tis no matter, better men than old *Iack Hornet* haue rode vp Holburne, with as bad a thing about their neckes as this: your right whiffler indeed hangs himſelfe in Saint *Martins*, and not in *Cheape-ſide*.

Doll. Peace, ſome-body rings: run both, whilſt he has the the rope in's hand if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

Horn. But what ghoſts, (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghoſts haunts thy houſe?

Doll. Oh! why diuerſe: I haue a Clothiers Factor or two; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welſh* Gaptaine that laies hard ſeege, a *Dutch* Marchãt, that would ſpend al that he's able to make ith' low countries, but to take meaſure of my Holland ſheetes when I lye in 'em: I heare trampling: 'tis my Flemiſh Hoy.

Enter Leuerpoole, Chartly, *and* Hans van Belch.

Hans. Dar is voz you, and voz you: een, twea, drie, vier, and

viue skilling, drinks Skellum vpsie fréese: nempt, dats v drinck gelt.

Leuer. Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans van Belch.*

Hans. How ist met you, how ist vro? vrolick?

Doll. Ick vare well God danke you: Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

Hans. Datt is good, dott is good: Ick can néet stay long: for Ick heb en skip come now vpon de vater: O mine schoomen vro, wee sall dauce lanteera, teera, and sing Ick brincks to you min here, van: —wat man is dat vro.

Hor. Nay pray sir on.

Hans Wat honds foot is dat Dorrothy.

Doll Tis my father.

Hans. Gotts Sacrament! your vader! why seyghen you niet so to me! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you mine vader ta for Ick loue dis schonen vro your dochterkin.

Hor. Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. Ick bedanck you: Ick heb so ghe founden vader.

Harn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. Mun nom bin Hans van Belch.

Horn. Hans Van Belch!

Hans. Yau, yau, tis so, tis so, de dronken man is alteet remenber me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, sonne *Belch.*

Hans. Yau vader: Ick heb de skip swim now vpon de vater if you endouty, goe vp in de little Skip dat goe so, and bée puld vp to Wapping, Ick sal beare you on my backe, and hang you about min neck into min groet Skip.

Horn. He Sayes *Doll*, he would haue thee to Wapping and hang thee.

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Iewell, for any gold.

Horn. Is your father liuing Maister *Hans.*

Hans. Yau, yau, min vader heb schonen husen in Ausburgh groet mine heare is mine vaders broder, mine vader heb land, and bin full of fee, dat is beasts, cattell

Char. He's lowzy be-like.

Han

Hans. Pin vader bin de grotest fooker in all Ausbrough.

Dol. The greatest what?

Leuer. Fooker he saies.

Dol. Out vpon him.

Han. Yaw yaw, fooker is en groet min here hees en elderman vane Citty, gots sacrament, wat is de clock: Ick met stay. *A watch.*

Her. Call his watch before you, if you can.

Doll. Her's a pretty thing: do these wheeles spin vp the houres! whats a clock.

Han. Acht: yaw tis acht.

Dol. We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going, wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall neuer finde the way to Church, because the bells hang so farre; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. Seghen you so, doz it to.

Doll. O fie: I doe but iest, for in trueth I could neuer abide a watch.

Han. Gotts sacrament, Ick niet heb it any moze.

Exeunt Leuer-poole *and* Chartly.

Dol. An other peale! good father Ianch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Maister *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Han. Ick bedanck you vader. *Exit.*

Doll. They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres so deerely, and then bee begd out of 'em so easily? heele be out at heeles shortly sure for he's out about the clockes already: O fooliish young man how doest thou spend thy time?

Enter Leuer-poole *first, then* Allom *and* Chartly.

Leur. Your grocer.

Dol. Nay 'Sfoot, then ile change my tune: I may cause such leaden-heeld rascalls; out of my sight: a knife, a knife I say: O Maister *Allom*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

Allo. Sweete mistris *Dorothy*, what should you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters! knife God blesse vs.

Lew. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace: I'me so vext! my father hee's ridde to Court: one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee showes not his head; sure he's run away, or robd & run-thorough; and here was a scriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune!

Allo. How much is the bond?

Chart. O rare little villaine.

Dol. My father could take vp, vpon the bareneſſe of his word fiue hundred pound: and fiue toe.

Allom. What is the debt?

Dol. But hee scornes to bee--and I scorne to bee—

Allom. Pree thee sweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

Dol. Alas Maister *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

Allo. If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me: another time ile run as far in your bookes.

Dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindneſſe: but when my father ———

All. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking: Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

Dol. Betweene one and two. *Lcue.* That's wee thre.

Allom. Let one of your men goe along, and Ile send your fifty pound!

Dol. You so bind mee sir, ----goe sirra: Maister *Allom*, I ha some quinces brought from our house ith Country to preserue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at such an excessiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, sir do you not.

Al You shal haue a whole chest of Sugar if you please.

Dol. Nay by my faith foure or fiue loues wil-be enough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister *Allom*.

Allom. Content ifaith, your man shall bring all vnder one, ile borrow a kisse of you at parting.

Enter Captaine Iynkins.

Dol.

Dol. You ſhall ſir, I borrow more of you. *Ex. Allo. & Len.*

Chart. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine *Iynkins.*

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that dreſt your lippes ſo.

Dol. A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bidde him meaſure how hie, hee would make the ſtanding coller of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe ſawcie and lickeriſh, laid mee ore the lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him croſſe vpon his coxcomb next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to ſtand with a knaue, for a ſmall matter, and ſo I wud not ſtriue with him, onelie to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take Maiſter prick-louſe ramping ſo hie againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) ile make him know how to kiſſe your blind cheekes ſooner: miſtris *Dorothy* Hornet, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to licke at Cowſherds, but to ſting ſuch ſhreds of raſcallity: will you ſing a Tailor ſhall haue mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor! foh.

Capt. Of what ſtature or ſiſe haue you a ſtomach to haue your huſband now?

Dol. Of the meaneſt ſtature Captaine, not a ſize longer than your ſelfe, nor ſhorter.

Cap. By god, tis wel ſaid: all your beſt Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Miſtris Dol?

Dol. Becauſe your ſmalleſt Arrowes flie fartheſt; ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but ſweete villaine, I loue thee becauſe thou't draw a my ſide, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

Cap. Vds blould, and hange him for vrſe than a roague that will ſlaſh and cut for an oman, if ſhe be a whore.

Dol. Pree the good Captaine *Iynkins*, teach mee to ſpeake ſome welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans tongue is the neateſt tongue! ——

Cap. As any tongue in the vrld, vnleſſe *Cra ma crees*, that's vrſe.

Dol. How do you ſay, I loue you with all my heart.

Cap. *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *Mi cara whee, en hel-hound.*

Cap. *Hel hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *O, my cara whee en hellon.*

Cap. Oh! and you went to wryting ſchoole twenty ſcore yeare in *Wales*, by Seſu, you cannot haue better vttrance, for welch.

Dol. Come tit mee, come tat mee, come throw a kiſſe at me, how is that?

Cap. By gad I kanow not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but *mee natha* ——— Sbloud I know what kiſſes be, aſwel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shropſheere cariers, you ſhal haue Welch enough in your pellies forty weekes.

Dol. Say Captaine that I ſhould follow your collours into your Country how ſhould I fare there?

Cap. Fare? by Seſu, O there is the moſt abominable ſeere! and wider ſiluer pots to drinck in, and ſofter peds to lie vpon & do our neceſſary puſines, and fairer houſes and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, beſides toſted Sees and buttermilke in *Northwales* diggon: beſides, harpes, & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cow-heeles, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be ſet in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Dol. Not with your Shrop-ſheire cariers, Captaine.

Cap. Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and ſee his Couzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

Dol. Beſtow your Coach vpon me, & two young white Mares, and you ſhall ſee how Ile ride.

Cap. Will you? by all the leekes that are worne on Saint Dauies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheeles, but alſo a white Mare and a ſtone horſe too, becauſe they ſhal traw you, very luſtily, as if the diuill were in their arſes. *Exit.*

How now, more Tailors ——— *Meetes Phillip.*

Phi. How ſir; Taylors.

Dol. O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.

Cap.

Cap. Is he, I will Couzen you then ſir too, one day.

Phil. I hope ſir then to Couzen you too.

Cap. By gad I hobe ſo, fare-well *Stdanien.* *Exit.*

Lcuer. Her's both money, and ſuger.

Dol. O ſweete villaine, ſet it vp. *Exit, and Enter preſently.*

Phil. Sfoot, what tame ſuaggerer was this I met *Doll.*

Dol. A Captaine, a Captaine: but haſt ſcap't the *Dunkerks* honeſt *Philip*? *Philip* ryalls are not more welcome: did thy father pay the ſhot?

Phil. He pai'd that ſhot, and then ſhot piſtolets into my pockets: harke wench: chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the Baud to winck. *Capers.*

Chart. O rare muſick.

Leuer. Heauenly conſort, better than old *Moones.*

Phil. But why? why *Dol*, goe theſe two like Beadells in blew? ha?

Doll. Theres a morrall in that: flea off your skins, you pretious Caniballs: O that the welch Captaine were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, ſirra *Philip* has thy father any plate in's houſe.

Phil. Enough to ſet vp a Gold-ſmithes ſhop.

Dol. Canſt not borrow ſome of it? wee ſhall haue gueſts to morrow or next day and I wud ſerue the hungry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

Phil. I ſhall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the buſh for mee, and ſhe might get the bird.

Dol. Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As Ime vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile reſtore.

Phil. Say no more tis don.

Dol. What manner of man is thy father? Sfoot ide faine ſee the witty Monky becauſe thou ſayſt he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Leuer-poole* or *Chartly*, ſhall like my Gentleman vſher goe to him, and ſay ſuch a Lady ſends for him, about a ſonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurſe, or for ſome deuice about a maske or ſo; if he comes you ſhall ſtand in a corner, and ſee in what State ile beare my ſelfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging. *Phil.* No, no.

Dol.

Doll. Ist a match Sirs? shalls be mery with him and his muse,

Omn. Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery vpon.

Doll. Ile send then my vant-currer presently: in the meane time, marche after the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp:
Looke how *Sabrina* sunck ith' riuer *Seuerne*,
So will we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack Tauerne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, *and Mistresse* Maybery.

May. Come Wife, our two gallants will be here presently: I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestation neuer to reueale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare thy selfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day, to country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them extreamly welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 'tis in fashion. *Wife* O God I shall neuer indure them.

Bell. Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turn'd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to *Greeneshield*, as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely, not taking any notice of his iourney: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me *Greeneshield* meanes to bring his Sister to your house, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, shee's some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath miscaried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not. *Wife* Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cock-pits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-sides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant. (mans discredit.

Bell. Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull wo-

May. I will therefore vse them like informing knaues in this kinde, make vp their mouthes with siluer, and after bee reueng'd vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: & it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, we rich men

should

ſhould grow out of all compaſſe: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour riſes already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the diſcouery.

May. O by no meanes: yee ſee Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new acquaintance, your lips wife, any womã may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis alowable.

Wife. You are very welcome; I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen: Ile will the maide to couer, and returne preſently.

Bell. Gods pretious why doth ſhe leaue them? *Exit.*

May. O I know her ſtomack: ſhee is but retirde into another chamber, to eaſe her heart with crying a little: it hath euer bin her humor. ſhe hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heare, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet euery returne laught and bin as merry: & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not?

Gree. I had a dellicate banquet once on that table. (chamber.

May. In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed

Bell. Were the cloath of gold Cuſhins ſet forth at your entertainement? *Feth.* Yes Sir.

May. And the cloath of Tiſſew Valance.

Feth. They are very rich ones. (furniture.

May. God refuſe me, they are lying Raſcols, I haue no ſuch

Green. I proteſt it was the ſtrangeſt, and yet with-all the happieſt fortune that wee ſhould meete you two at *Ware*, that euer redeemed ſuch deſolate actions: I would not wrong you agen for a million of *Londons*.

May. No, do you want any money? or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subſidie, command mee.

Feth. Alas good Gentleman; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient *Romans*?

Bel. You ſee what a ſweet face in a Veluet cap can do, your citizẽs wiues are like Partriges, the hens are better thẽ the cocks.

Feth. I beleeue it in troth, Sir you did obſerue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her ſelfe, when ſhe ſaw vs enter.

Bell Right.

Feth. For thus much I muſt ſpeake in allowance of her modeſtie, when I had her moſt priuate ſhe would bluſh extreamely.

Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with anothes mans wife. *Feth.* Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to hubsbands though gentlemen gaue the first onset.

Feth. You are a merry ould gentleman infaith Sir: much like to this was her langwage.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels; and invited you by letter to her lodging.

Fet. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

May. Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quit all suspition. *Exit.*

Feth. Dost heare *Luke Greenshield* wil thy wife by here presētly.

May. I, left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God prouides; for if this cittisen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted; weele make more vse of him, the whoreso rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himselfe a ranke ostler: to send her vp at this time a yeare; and and by the carier to, twas but a iades trike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you brother.

Green. Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bosomes Inne, sheele be here, presently. *Enter Maybery.*

May. Maister *Greeneshield* your sister is come; my wife is entertaining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already, Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greeneshield*, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of nine in More fields where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your seuerall lodgings and ioint commons (to the poore ability of a cittizen) shalbe prouided. *Feth.* O God Sir,

May. Nay no complement your loues comand it: shalls to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* Ile be the Gentleman vsher to this faire Lady.

Gree. Here is your ring Mistris; a thousand times, ——and would

would haue willingly loſt my beſt of maintenance that I might haue found you haſe ſo tractable.

Wif. Sir I am ſtill my ſelfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpō my husbād, he is much deceaued in you I take it: will you go in to dinner—O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husbād ide ſcratch out his eyes preſētly. *Ex.*

Fet. Welcome to Londō bonny miſtris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath paſt betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did: he ran away from me like a baſe ſlaue as he was, out of *Yorke-ſhire*, and pretended he would goe the Iland voiage, ſince I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend, that am vſed ſo like an Infidel?

Fe. I think not, but if your husbād knew of this he'd be deuorſt.

Rat. Hee were an aſſe then, no wiſemen ſhould deale by their wiues as the ſale of ordinance paſſeth in *Englād*, if it breake the firſt diſcharge the workman is at the loſſe of it, if the ſecond the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, ſo in our caſe, if a woman proue falſe the firſt yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the ſecond, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if ſhe hould pure mettaile two yeare & flie to ſeueral peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honeſty at your charges, for the beſt peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the caſting, and for women to haue cracks and flaues, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about *Londō* doth he ſwagger?

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleetſtreete, when their are nobody to part them.

Ra. I euer thought ſo, we haue notable valiant fellowes about Doncaſter, theile giue the lie and the ſtab both in an inſtant.

Feth. You like ſuch kind of man-hood beſt Kate.

Rat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friēd, had rather haue him ſtand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why muſt I be quarterd at this Citizens garden houſe, ſay you.

Fe. The diſcourſe of that wil ſet thy bloud on fire to be reuēgd on thy husbands forhead peece. *Ent.* Bella. *& Maiſt.* Maybe.

Wif. Wil you go in to dinner ſir? *Rat.* Wil you lead the way (forſoth?

Wif. No ſweete forſothe weele follow you.

O Maiſter *Bellamont*: as euer you tooke pitty vpon the ſimplicity of a poore abuſed gentlewoman: wil you tell me one thing.

Bell. Any thing ſweet Miſtris *Mayberrie*.

Wife. I but will you doe it faithfully?

Bell. As I reſpect your acquaintance I ſhall doe it.

Wife. Tell me then I beſeech you, doe not you thinke this minx is ſome noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my noſe at his garden houſe.

Bell. No vpon my life is ſhe not,

Wife. O I cannot beleeue it, I know by her eies ſhe is not honeſt, why ſhould my husband proffer them ſuch kindnes? that haue abuſed him and me; ſo intollerable: and will not luffer me to ſpeake; theres the hellont not ſuffer me to ſpeake.

Bell. Fie fie, he doth that like a vſerer, that will vſe a man with all kindnes, that he may be careleſſe of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forfature; your iealouſie is Idle: ſay this were true, it lies in the boſome of a ſweete wife to draw her husband from any looſe imperfection, from wenching, from Iealoſie, from couituouſnes from crabbednes, which is the old mans common diſeaſe, by her politicke yealding.

Bell. She maye doe it from crabednes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed,------come to diner,

Wife. Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncle.

Bell. Suſpition workes more miſchiefe growes more ſtrong,
To ſeuer chaſt beds then aparant wrongs. *Exit.*

ACTVS 3. SÆNA 1.

Enter Doll, Chartly Leuerpoole *and* Phillip.

Phil. Come my little Punke with thy two Compoſitors to this vnlawfull painting houſe, thy pounders a my old poeticall dad wilbe here preſently, take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy ſelfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecary after the receipt of a purgation: looke ſcuruily vpon him: ſometimes be merrie and ſtand vppon thy pantoffles like a new elected ſcauinger.

Dol.

Doll. And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his ſtaues foule before his Miſtriſſe.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count: harke vpon my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks: thou ſhalt ſee mee make a foole of a Poet, that hath made fiue hundred fooles.

Leuer. Pleaſe your new Lady-ſhip hee's come.

Doll. Is hee? I ſhould for the more ſtate let him walke ſome two houres in an vtter roome: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of faſhion; but come enter him: Stay, when we are in priuate conference ſend in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont *brought in by* Leuerpoole.

Leuer. Looke you my Ladie's a ſleepe, ſheele wake preſently.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling ſir, God-boy-you.

Leuer. Nay in trueth Sir, if my Lady ſhould but dreame you had beene heare.

Doll. Who's that keepes ſuch a prating?

Leuer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer: you haue an exleut throate for't: pox a the Poet is he not come yet?

Leuer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy: I ha curſt my Monkey for ſhrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worſe I proteſt.

Bel. Tis not in faſhion deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, ſcabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

Dol. So ſir: if you haue a ſweete breath, and doe not ſmell of ſwetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Pel. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the ſweeter verſe a great deale ſir, I haue heard much good of your wit maiſter Poet: you do many deuiſes for Cittizens wiues: I care not greatly becauſe I haue a Citty Laundreſſe already, if I get a Citty Poet too: I haue ſuch a deuiſe for you, and this it is. *Enter Tayler.* O welcome Tayler: do but waite till I diſpatch my Tayler, and Ile diſcouer my deuice to you.

Bell. Ile take my leaue of your Ladiſhip.

Doll. No: I pray thee ſtay: I muſt haue you ſweate for my deuice Maiſter Poet.

Phil. He ſweats already beleeue it.

Dol. A cup of wine there: what faſhion will make a woman haue the beſt bodie Taylor.

Tay. A ſhort dutch waſt with a round cathern-wheele fardingale: a cloſe ſleeue with a cartooſe collour and a pickadell.

Dol. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maiſter Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the moſt light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Dol. Fowle ſayſt thou: I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are in a kingdome of my credit: haſt thou don Taylor? now to diſcouer my deuice ſir: Ile drinck to you ſir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee nere thought of her deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 12. poeſies for a dozen of cheeſe trenchers. *Phil.* O horrible!

Bel. In welch madam? *Dol.* Why in welch ſir.

Bel. Becauſe you will haue them ſeru'd in with your cheeſe Ladie.

Dol. I will beſtow them indeede vpon a welch Captaine: one that loues cheeſe better than venſon, for if you ſhould but get 3. or 4. Cheſhire cheeſes and ſet them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make more haſt after thē than after the beſt kennell of hounds in *England*; what think you of my deuice?

Bel. Fore-god a very ſtrange deuice and a cunning one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You ſhould be a kin to the *Bellaments*, you giue the ſame Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid ſweetely for the cup, as it may be you and ſome other Gentleman haue don for their Armes.

Bel. Ha, the ſame waight: the ſame faſhion: I had three neſt of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at the chriſting of my ſonne *Philip*.

Phil. Your ſonne is come to full age ſir: and hath tane poſſeſſion of the gift of his God-father.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No ſir, ile kill no Poet leaſt his ghoſt write ſatires againſt me.

Bel. Whats ſhe? a good common welthes woman, ſhee was borne. *Phil.* For her Country, and has borne her Country.

Bel. Heart of vertue? what make I here?

Phil. This was the party you rail'd on: I keepe no worſe cõpany than your ſelfe father, you were wont to ſay venery is like vſery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Bel. Wherefore come I hither.

Dol. To make a deuice for cheeſe-trenchers.

Phil. Ile tell you why I ſent for you, for nothing but to ſhew you that your grauity may bee drawne in: white haires may fall into the compa.y of drabs aſwell as red beardes into the ſociety of knaues: would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleeue ſhe only kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't. *Dol.* Pree the Poet what doeſt thou think of me.

Bel. I thinke thou art a moſt admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

Dol. Nay ſir, I was told you would raile: but what doe you thinke of my deuice ſir, nay: but you are not to depart yet Maiſter Poet: wut ſup with me? Ile caſhiere all my yong barnicles, & weele talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wiſely.

Bel. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker? thou that doeſt promiſe nothing but watchet eyes, bumbaſt calues and falſe peryvvigs.

Dol. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I ſhall affect thee.

Bel. O thy vnlucky ſtarre! I muſt take my leaue of your worſhippe I cannot fit your deuice at this inſtant: I muſt deſire to borrovv a neſt of goblets of you: O villanie! I wud ſome honeſt Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and cary them into ſome other Country they'd ſell better than Beefes and Calues: what a vertuous Citty would this bee then! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheeſe-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor? good, good. *Exit.*

Phil. How doeſt *Doll*? *Doll.* Scuruie, very ſcuruie.

Lener. Where ſhalls ſuppe wench?

Doll. Ile ſuppe in my bedde: gette you home to your lodging

odging and co me whē I ſend for you, ô filthy roague that I am.

Phil. How! how, miſtris *Dorothy*?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spaniſh ſlops: vds life, ille make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly roague. *Om.* We obſerue your Ladiſhip.

Phi. The puncks in her humer—pax. *Exit.*

Dol. Ile humor you and you pox mee: vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle ſuch water with my Malago, Other's ſome ſcuruie thing or other breeding; how many ſeuerall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants haue I entertain'd beſides a runner a the ropes, and now to let bloud when the ſigne is at the heart? ſhould I ſend him a letter with ſome Iewel in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that rereturne a wood-cock pie to their clients, when they ſend them a Baſon and a Eure, I will inſtantly go and make my ſelfe drunke, till I haue loſt my memory, liue a ſcoffing Poet? *Exit.*

Enter Lep-frog *and* Squirill.

Frog. Now *Squirill* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the ieſt thou promiſt to tell vs of?

Squi. I will diſcouer it, not as a Darby-ſhere women diſcouers her great teeth, in laughter: but ſoftly as a gentlemā courts a wench behind an Arras: and this it is, yong *Greeneſheild* thy Maiſter with *Greeneſheilds* ſiſter lie in my maiſters garden-houſe here in More-fields. *Frog.* Right, what of this?

Squir Mary ſir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits inceſt, for Ime ſure he lies with her euery night.

Fro. All this I know, but to the reſt.

Squir. I will tell thee, the moſt pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great ſnow: and this it is, my miſtris makes her huſband belieue that ſhee walkes in her ſleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, ſondry times ſhee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon frō Chamber to Chamber, opend her cheſts, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wakte & miſt her, comming to queſtion why ſhe coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her faſt a ſleepe, mary it was Cats ſleepe, for you ſhall heare what prey ſhe watcht for.

Frog. Good; forth.

Suir.

Squir. I ouer-heard her laſt night talking with thy Maiſter, and ſhe promiſt him that aſſoone as her husband was a ſleepe, ſhe would walke according to her cuſtome, and come to his Chamber, marry ſhee would do it ſo puritannically, ſo ſecretly I meane, that no body ſhould heare of it. *Frog.* Iſt poſſible?

Squir. Take but that corner and ſtand cloſe, and thine eyes ſhall witneſſe it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any mant ake of a womans honeſty.

Squi. Hold? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a ſhoale of Fidlers in Staffordſhire: ſtand cloſe I heare her comming. *Enter* Kate.

Kate. What a filthy knaue was the ſhoo-maker, that made my ſlippers, what a creaking they keepe: O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband ſleepe ſoundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in fooliſh Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame ſome fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man, or ſome-what whilſt I go and take but two kiſſes, but two kiſſes from ſweete *Fetherſtone.* *Exit.*

Squi. Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if ſhe do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking ſpirit, like to my wife? what reaſon ſhould there bee in nature for this? I will queſtion ſome Phiſition: not heare neither: vdſlife, I would laugh if ſhe were in Maiſter *Fetherſtones* Chamber, ſhee would fright him, Maiſter *Fetherſtone*, Maiſter *Fetherſtone*.

Within Fether. Ha, how now who cals?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open laſt night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light ſhee's there then, will you know the ieſt, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, riſe out of your bed, and ſee and you can feele her.

Squi. He will feele her I warrant you? *Gree.* Haue you her ſir?

Feth. Not yet ſir, ſhee s here ſir.

Enter Fetherſtone *and* Kate *in his armes.*

Green. So I ſaid euen now to my ſelfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether ſoftly, for feare of waking

her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

Feth. O youle make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou dooſt, now sweet villaine, *Kate, Kate.*

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a phesant.

Green. She talkes in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it, & eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled: till I was ready to sound, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the sweeteſt meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Mistrisse. *Green.* Why *Kate, Kate?*

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beshrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles: oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal haue the Mother presently.

Gree. Hold downe her stomach good maister *Fetherstone*, while I fetch some. *Exit.* *Feth.* Well dissembled *Kate.*

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What mischiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well prouide a Closet or Backdoore for him, as a Fether-bed.

Feth. Be my troth I pitty thy husband.

Kate. Pitty him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares Sattin: pitty him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and set vp hornes, there's law for him.

Feth. Be sick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greeneshield *with a broken shin.*

Green. I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and shrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's she maister *Fetherstone.*

Feth. Very ill sir; shees troubled with the moother extreamly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I might feele it rise.

Kate. O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

Green.

Gree. I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Doctors in towne can sell it; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how dooſt wench?

Kate. A little recouerd; alas I haue so troubled that Gentlemã.

Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, wast you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

Squi. Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thankes for patience. *Green.* Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

Green. A scratch, a scratch. *Exit.*

Feth Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chase, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weele lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently. *Exit.*

Squi. And Ile take the paines to discouer all this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, becauſe they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes. sfoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee insteed of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladyes Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Bellamont *in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand, his man after him with lights, Standish and Paper.*

her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

Feth. O youle make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou dooſt, now ſweet villaine, *Kate, Kate.*

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a pheſant.

Green. She talkes in her ſleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it, & eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my ſtomach wambled: till I was ready to ſound, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the ſweeteſt meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Miſtriſſe. *Green.* Why *Kate, Kate?*

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beſhrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am ſick, I am ſick, I am ſick, O how my fleſh trembles: oh ſome of the *Angelica* water, I ſhal haue the Mother preſently.

Gree. Hold downe her ſtomach good maiſter *Fetherſtone*, while I fetch ſome. *Exit.* *Feth.* Well diſſembled *Kate.*

Kate. Piſh, I am like ſome of your Ladies that can be ſick when they haue no ſtomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What miſchiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, muſt as well prouide a Cloſet or Back-doore for him, as a Fether-bed.

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Enter Greeneſhield *with a broken ſhin.*

Green. I haue the worſt luck; I thinke I get more bumps and ſhrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's ſhe maiſter *Fetherſtone.*

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Kate. O lay me in my bed, I beſeech you.

Green.

Gree. I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Doctors in towne can sell it; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how dooſt wench?

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Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, wast you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

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Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thankes for patience. *Green.* Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

Green. A scratch, a scratch. *Exit.*

Feth Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chase, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weele lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently. *Exit.*

Squi. And Ile take the paines to discouer all this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes. sfoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee insteed of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladyes Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Bellamont *in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand, his man after him with lights, Standish and Paper.*

Bel. Sirra, Ile ſpeake with none. *Seru.* Not a plaier:
Bel. No tho a Sharer ball,
Ile ſpeake with none altho it be the mouth
Of the big company, Ile ſpeake with none,—away.
Why ſhould not I bee an excellent ſtateſman? I can in the wryting of a tragedy, make *Cæſar* ſpeake better than euer his ambition could: when I write of *Pompey* I haue *Pompeies* ſoule within me, and when I perſonate a worthy Poet, I am then truly my ſelfe, a poore vnpreferd ſcholler.

Enter his Man haſtily.

Seru. Here's a ſwaggering fellow ſir, that ſpeakes not like a man of gods making, ſweares he muſt ſpeake with you and wil ſpeake with you.

Bel. Not of gods making, what is he? a Cuckold?

Seru. He's a Gentleman ſir, by his clothes.

Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes ſometimes are better Gentlemen than their Maiſters. *Ent. the Captaine & the Ser.* is this he? Seeke you me ſir.

Cap. I ſeeke ſir, (god pleſſe you) for a Sentillman, that talkes beſides to himſelfe when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam, and he's a Poet.

Bel. So ſir, it may bee you ſeeke mee, for Ime ſometimes out a my wits. *Cap.* You are a Poet ſir, are you.

Bel. Ime haunted with a Fury Sir.

Cap. Pray Maiſter Poet ſhute off this little pot-gun, and I wil coniure your Fury: tis well lay you ſir, my deſires are to haue ſome amiable and amorous ſonnet or madrigall compoſed by your Fury, ſee you.

Bel. Are you a louer ſir of the nine Muſes.

Cap. Ow, by gad out a cry. *Cap.* Y'are then a ſcholler ſir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Seſus colledge in Oxford one day a gad while agoe.

Bel. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome, Ile borrow your Iudgement looke you ſir, Ime writyng a Tragedy, the Tragedy of young *Aſtiuanax.*

Cap. *Stramax* Tragedy! is he liuing can you tell? was not *Stramax* a *Mon-mouth* man?

Bel. O no ſir, you miſtake, he was a *Troyane* great *Hectors* Son.

Cap.

Cap. *Hector* was grannam to *Cadwallader*, when ſhee was great with child, god vdge me, there was one young *Styanan* of *Mon-mouth* ſheire was a madder greeke as any is in al *Englād*.

Bel. This was not he aſſure yee: looke you ſir, I will haue this Tragedy preſented in the *French* Court, by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By god your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy enterlude, poggy well.

Bel. It ſhalbe ſir at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans*, and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the ſtage.

Cap. Vds bloud, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France* now.

Bel O ſir no, they are two ſeuerall marriages. As I was ſaying the ſtage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, my ſelf wil ſtād behind the Duke of *Biron*, or ſome other cheefe minion or ſo, -- who ſhall, I they ſhall take ſome occaſion about the muſick of the fourth Act, to ſtep to the *French* King, and ſay, *Sire, voyla, il et votre treſhumble ſeruiteur, le plu ſage, è diuino eſpirit, monſieur Bellamont*, all in *French* thus poynting at me, or yon is the learned old *Engliſh* Gentleman Maſter *Bellamont* a very worthie man, to bee one of your priuy Chamber, or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you ſure Duke Pepper-noone wil giue you ſuch good vrdes, behind your back to your face.

Bel. Oh I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there: but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel I am now wryting the deſcription of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped

Bel. You ſhall heare: ſuſpition is the Mynion of great hearts, no: I will not begin there: I magine a great man were o be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Capt. As it might bee *Sampſon* or ſo, or great *Golias* that was kild by my Countriman.

Bel. Right ſir, thus I expreſſe it in yong *Aſtianax*.

Now the wilde people greedy of their grieſes,
Longing to ſee, that which their thoughts abhord,
Preuented day, and rod on their owne roofes.

Cap. Could the little horſe that ambled on the top of Paules carry all the people;els how could they ride on the roofes!

Bel. O ſir,tis a figure in Poetry,marke how tis followed,
Rod on their owne roofes,
Making all Neighboring houſes tilde with men; tilde with men! iſt not good.

Cap. By Seſu, and it were tilde all with naked Imen twere better.

Bel. You ſhall heare no more; pick your eares, they are fowle ſir,what are you ſir pray?

Cap. A Captaine ſir,and a follower of god *Mars.*

Bel. *Mars,Bachus,*and I loue *Apollo*! a Captaine! then I pardon your ſir, and Captaine what wud you preſſe me for?

Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections, and naturall deſires.

Bel. An Acroſtick were good vpon her name me thinkes.

Cap. Croſſe ſticks: I wud not be too croſſe Maiſter Poet;yet if it bee beſt to bring her name in queſtion, her name is miſtris *Dorothy Hornet.*

Bel. The very conſumption that waſts my Sonne, and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee: doe you loue this Miſtris *Dorothy?*

Cap. Loue her! there is no Captaines wife in *England*, can haue more loue put vpon her,and yet Ime ſure Captaines wiues, haue their pellies full of good mens loues.

Be. And does ſhe loue you?has there paſt any great matter betweene you?

Cap. As great a matter,as a whole coach, and a horſe and his wife are gon too and fro betweene vs.

Bel. Is ſhee? ifayth Captaine,bee valiant and tell trueth; is ſhe honeſt?

Cap. Honeſt?god vdge me, ſhee's as honeſt,as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication,and lechery.

Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile ſhew you why I aske, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are paſt,yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me from her and inforc'd mee to take this very day. *Enter a Seruant and Whiſpers.*

Cap.

Cap. Tis for ſome loue--ſong to ſend to me, I hold my life.

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the party is at my dore, ſhall ſhe come in Captaine?

Cap. O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now. *Exit Seru.*

Bel. The letter ſaies here, that ſhe's exceeding ſick, and intreates me to viſit her: Captaine, lie you in ambuſh behind the hangings, and perhaps you ſhall heare the peece of a Commedy: ſhe comes, ſhe comes, make your ſelfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and caſt my *Lucraſies* water too in hugger muggers? if he do, *Styanax* Tragedy was neuer ſo horrible bloudy-minded, as his Commedy ſhalbe, --- *Tawſons* Captaine *Ienkins.* *Enter* Doll.

Dol. Now Maiſter Poet, I ſent for you.

Bel. And I came once at your Ladiſhips call.

Dol. My Ladiſhip and your Lordſhip lie both in one manner; you haue coniur'd vp a ſweete ſpirit in mee haue you not Rimer?

Bel. Why *Medea*! what ſpirit! wud I were a young man for thy ſake.

Dol. So wud I, for then thou couldſt doe mee no hurt; now thou doeſt.

Bel. If I were a yonker, it would be no Inodeſty in me to bee ſeene in thy company; but to haue ſnow in the lap of Iune; vile! vile: yet come; garlick has a white head, and a greene ſtalke, then why ſhould not I? lets bee merry: what ſaies the diuill to al the world, for Ime ſure thou art carnally poſſeſt with him.

Dol. Thou haſt a filthy foot, a very filthy cariers foote.

Bel. A filthy ſhooe, but a fine foote, I ſtand not vpon my foote I.

Cap. What ſtands he vpon then? with a pox god bleſſe vs?

Doll. A legge and a Calfe! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body! not worth begging by a Barber-ſurgeon.

Bel. Very good, you draw me and quarter me, fates keepe me from hanging.

Dol. And which moſt turnes vp a womans ſtomach, thou art an old hoary man: thou haſt gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue: what doe I ſee then

in

in that withered face of thine?

Bell. Wrinkles: grauity.

Doll. Wretchednes: griefe: old fellow thou haſt be witch me; I can neither eate for thee, nor ſleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Vds blood! I did neuer ſee a white flea before I will elinge you?

Doll. I was borne ſure in the dogdayes time ſo vnluky; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spaniſh hoſe, youth nor perſonage, rich face nor mony cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now beſotted, doate, am mad, for the carcas of a man, and as if I were a baud, no ring pleaſes me but a deaths head.

Cap. *Seſu, are I men ſo arſy varſy.*

Bell. Mad for me? why if the worme of luſt were wrigling within mee as it does in others, doſt thinke Ide crawle vpon thee; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer.

Doll. I confeſſe it.

Cap. Doe you, are you a towne cowe and confeſſe you beare calues. *Doll.* I confeſſe, I haue bin an Inne for any gueſt.

Cap. A pogs a your ſtable-toome; is your Inne a baudy houſe now?

Doll. I confeſſe (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Suergeon and thou art he) I confeſſe that old ſtinking Surgeon like thy ſelfe) whom I call father, that *Hornet* neuer ſweat for me, I me none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet minor.*

Dol. Hees but a cheater, and I the falſe die hee playes withall, I power all my poyſon out before thee, becauſe heareafter I will be cleane: ſhun me not, loath me not, mocke me not, plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goeſt thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canſt, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice: you miſtris *Salamanders* that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horſe, and my coach come running home agen, and run to an hoſpitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders and to the tiuell and his dame to.

Doll. Fiend art thou raized to torment me.

Bell.

Bel. Shee loues you Captaine honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman or cilde by his eares, that saies a common drab can loue a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Pridewell, I sarge you in *Apolles* name, whom you belong to, see her forth-comming, till I come and tiggle her, by and by, Sbloud I was neuer Couzend with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries. *Exit.*

Bel. My dores are open for thee, be gon: woman!

Doll. This goates---peezle of thine ——————

Bel. Away: I loue no such implements in my house.

Dol. Doest not? am I but an implement? by all the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (& thats a great oth) for this trick, other manner of women than my selfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.* *Enter Seruant.*

Bel. Is this my Poeticall fury? how now sir!

Ser. Maister *Maybery* and his wife sir ith next roome.

Bel. What are they doing sir?

Ser. Nothing sir, that I see, but onely wud speake with you.

Bel. Enter 'em: this house wilbe to hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shift my selfe, for pure necessity, haunted with sprites in my old daies!

Enter Maybery *booted, his Wife with him.*

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee old Poet: thou shalt write vpon't Poet.

Bel. Nay I will write vpon't ift bee a Commedie, for I haue beene at a most villanous female Tragedie: come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man giue you the bootes presently, the plot lies in *Ware* my white Poet: Wife thou and I this night, will haue mad sport in *Ware*, marke me well Wife, in *Ware*.

Wif. At your pleasure sir.

May. Nay it shalbe at your pleasure Wife: looke you sir, looke you: *Fetherstones* boy (like an honest crack-halter) layd open all to one of my prentices, (for boies you know like women loue to be doing.) *Bel.* Very good: to the plot.

May. Fetherſtone like a crafty mutton-monger, perſwades *Greenſhield* to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange! through the body?

May. I man, to take phiſick: he does ſo, hee's put to his purgation; then ſir what does me Fetherſtone, but counterfits a letter from an Inkeeper of Doncaſter, to fetch *Greenſhield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certaine Vncle, where *Greenſhield* ſhould receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife! is *Greenſheild* married? I haue heard him ſweare he was a batchiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almoſt in euery ſhire in *England*, this parcel Gentlewoman is that Inkeepers Daughter of *Doncaſter*.

Bell. Hath ſhe the entertainement of her fore-fathers? wil ſhe keepe all commers company?

May. She help's to paſſe away ſtale Capons, ſower wine, and muſty prouander: but to the purpoſe, this traine was layd by the baggage her ſelfe and Fetherſtone, who it ſeemes makes her husband a vnicorne: and to giue fire to't, *Greenſheild* like an Arrant wittall intreates his friend, to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, becauſe taking bitter pills, he ſhould proue but a looſe fellow if he went, and ſo durſt not go.

Bell. And ſo the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild-chace*

May. No ſir, Maiſter poet there you miſſe the plot, Fetherſtone and my Lady *Greenſheild* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In *Ware*!

May In durty *Ware*: I forget my ſelfe wife, on with your ryding ſuite, and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at Powles ſaies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, ſpur out and away.

Wife. Well ſir. *Exit.*

Bell. Stay, ſtay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why ſend you her away?

May. For a thing my little hoary Poet: looke thee, I ſmelt out my noble ſtincker *Greenſheild* in his Chamber, and as tho

my

my heart ſtringes had bin crackt, I wept, and ſighd, & thumpd, and thumpd, and rau'd and ranted, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that ſhee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bel. Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

May. Like Egs and Muſcadine, at a gulp: hee cries out preſently, did not I tell you old man, that ſheed win my game when ſhe came to bearing? hee railes vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white ſheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully ſcourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muſter as many as wee can.

Bel. It wilbe excellent ſpott, to ſee him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, weele haue a whole Regiment of horſe with vs.

May. I ſtand vpon thornes, tel I ſhake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we muſt gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your (forces.

Bel. Like a *Hollander* againſt a *Dunkirke*.

May. March then, this curſe is on all letchers throwne,
They giue hornes and at laſt, hornes are their owne. *Exit.*

Enter Captaine Ienkins, *and* Allom.

Cap. Set the beſt of your little diminitiue legges before, and ride poſt I pray.

Allo. Is it poſſible that miſtris *Doll* ſhould bee ſo bad?

Cap. Poſſible! Sbloud tis more eaſie for an oman to be naught, than for a ſoldier to beg, and thats horrible eaſie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all ſo groſly.

Cap. Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

Allom. Shee gelded my purſe of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horſes in fiue hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets*; Shee made a ſtarke Aſſe of my Coach-horſe, and there is a putterbox, whome ſhee ſpred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke ſhee has ſent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marſe prauely in and out, and packe

agen vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleueland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belch*, but I will smell him out.

Allom. Doe so and weele draw all our arrowes of reuenge vpto the head but weele hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrse weapons as arrewes vp to the head, lug you, it shalbe warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

Allom. But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells! ownds I know a parish that sal tag downe all the pells and sell em to Capten *Ienkens*, to do him good. and if pelle will fly, weele flie too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs: will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my side, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

Allom. Ile amble or trot with you Capten: you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her, if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. *O mon du! n dguin!* follow your leader, *Ienken* shall cut, and Slice, as worse as they: come I scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensheild, Phillip, Leuarpoole, Chartley: *all booted.*

Bell. What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha! *Phillip*! are they thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlmen that youle fill our consort I ho seene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Both, May be so Sir.

Bell. Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to horse.

May. Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our Cheualls: merry quoth a.

Bell. Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out a mong you all, because weele be sure to be merry.

Omn.

Omn. What ist?

Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all practise iests one against another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon him, and is most gald, betweene our riding foorth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole iourney. *Omn.* Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at *Ware* I beleeue. *May.* Peace. *Green.* Ist a bargen.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bel. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what place is this?

May. Bedlam ist not?

Bel. Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you: come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes: this is the doore. *Enter* Full-moone.

May, Saue you sir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em? *Full.* Yes.

Bell. Pray bestow your name sir vpon vs.

Full. My name is *Full-moone.*

Bell. You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone*: and what mad-caps haue you in your house,

Enter the Phisition. *Ful.* Diuerse.

May. Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake?

Ful. For loue of an *Italian* Dwarfe.

Bell. Has he beene in *Italy* then?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

Bell. The dancing Beare: a pritty well-fauourd little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire,

Bel. May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-moone*

Full. Yes and you will; I must looke about for I haue vnruly tenants. *Exit.*

Bell. What haue you in this paper honest friend?

Gree Is this he has al manner of languages, yet speakes none

Baud. How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you send for some aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer since the last great raine that fell. *Bel.* No thats a lye.

Baud. Nay by gad, then you lie, for all y'are Sir *Andrew*, I was a dapper rogue in Portingall voiage, not an inch broad at the heele, and yet thus high, I scornd I can tell you to be druncke with raine water then Sir, In those golden and siluer dayes: I had sweete bitts then Sir *Andrew*: how doe you good brother *Timothy*?

Bella. You haue bin in much trouble since that voiage.

Baud. Neuer in bride-wel I protest, as Ime a virgin: for I could neuer abide that bride-wel I protest, I was once sicke, and I tooke my water in a basket, and cary'd it to a doctors.

Phil. In a basket.

Baud. Yes Sir: you arrant foole there was a vrinall in it.

Phil. I cry you mercy.

Baud. The Doctor told me I was with child, how many Lords Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and others promist me to be god-fathers to that child: twas not Gods will: the prentises made a riot vpon my glasse-windowes the Shroue-tuesday following and I miscaried.

Omn. O doe not weepe.

Baud. I ha cause to weepe: I trust Gintlewomen their diet sometimes a fortnight: lend Gentlemen holland shurts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis: and no restitution, and no restitution. but Ile take a new order, I will haue but six stewd prunes in a dish and some of mother Walls cakes: for my best customers are taylors. *Omn.* Taylors! ha ha.

Baud. I Taylors: giue me your London Prentice; your country Gentlemen are growne too polliticke.

Bel. But what say you to such young Gentlemen as these are.

Baud. Foh, they as soone as they come to their lands get vp to London, and like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keepe

a Spitting of fire, and cracking till they ha ſpent all, and when my ſquib is out, what ſayes his punke, foh, he ſtinckes.

Enter the muſition.

Me thought this other night, I ſaw a pretty ſight,
Which pleaſed me much.
A comely country mayd, not ſqueamiſh nor afraid,
To let Gentlemen touch.
I ſold her maiden-head once, and I ſold her maiden-head twice,
And I ſould it laſt to an Alderman of *Yorke*.
And then I had ſold it thrice.

Muſi. You ſing ſcurvily.

Band. mary muffe, ſing thou better, for Ile goe ſleepe my old ſleepes. *Exit.* *Bell.* What are you a doing my friend.

Muſi. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What doe you meane by pricking?

Muſi. A Gentleman like quallity.

Bell. This fellow is ſome what prouder, and ſulſiner then the other. *May,* Oh; ſo be moſt of your muſitions.

Muſi. Are my teeth rotten? *Omn.* No Sir.

Muſi. Then I am no Comfit-maker, nor Vintner, I doe not get wenches in my drincke: are you a muſition? *Bel.* Yes.

Mun. weele be ſworne brothers then, looke you ſweete roague.

Gree. Gods ſo, now I thinke vpon't, a Ieſt is crept into my head, ſteale away, if you loue me. *Exeunt: muſition ſings.*

Muſi. Was euer any marchants band ſet better I ſet it: walke Ime a cold, this white ſattin is to thin vnleſs it be cut, for then the Sunne enters: can you ſpeake Italian too, *Sapete Italiano.*

Bell. *Vn poco.*

Muſi. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out if you; *vn poco,* come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leaſe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March. *Bell.* Come on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maybery, Greeneſhilde, Phillip Full-moone, Leuerpoole, *and* Chartely.

Gree. Good Maiſter *Mayberie, Philip,* if you be kind Gentlemen vpholde the ieſt: your whole voiage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

Full.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now aswell in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wisely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericranion's perisht.

Ful. Where is he pray?

Phil. Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time

Cher. Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth: you see hee skips from vs.

Green. The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now. *Ful.* How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you sir: here's a crowne to prouide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay sir, he must ha no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omnes. Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you sir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

Ful. Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Omnes. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus. *Omn.* Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bel. *Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome*: oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Omn. Wee ha bin with the other mad folkes.

May. And what sayes he and his prick-song?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

Omn. In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, *and two Keepers.*

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away sirra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench sirra, doe you?

Bell. What wench? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds? let goe you Dogs.

Ful. Bind

Ful. Bind him, be quiet: come, come, dogs, fie, & a gentleman.

Bell. Maiſter *Maibery*, *Philip*, maiſter *Maibery*, vds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

Bel. I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head: to gull me: I ſmell it now: why doe you heare *Full-moone*, let me looſe; for Ime not mad; Ime not mad by Ieſu:

Ful. Aske the Gentlemen that.

Bel. Bith Lord I'me aſwell in my wits, as any man ith' houſe, & this is a trick put vpon thee by theſe gallants in pure knauery.

Ful. Ile trie that, anſwer me to this queſtion: looſe his armes a little, looke you ſir, three Geeſe nine pence; euery Gooſe three pence, whats that a Gooſe, roundly, roundly one with another.

Bel. Sfoot do you bring your Geeſe for me to cut vp.

Enter all. ſtrike him ſoundly, and kick him.

Omn. Hold, hold, bind him maiſter *Full-moone*.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I, vnleſſe I could recouer them better.

Gre. Haue I giuen it you maiſter Poet, did the Lime-buſh take.

Ma. It was his warrant ſent thee to *Bedlam*, old *Iack Bellamõt*, and maiſter *Full-ith'moone*, our warrant diſcharges him; Poet, weele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*, & back agen I feare to thy coſt.

Bel. If you doe, I muſt beare you', thanke you Maiſter *Greenſhield*, I will not dye in your debt: farewell you mad raſcals, to horſe come, 'tis well done; 'twas well done, you may laugh, you ſhall laugh Gentlemen: if the gudgeon had beene ſwallowed by one of you it had bin vile, but by Gad 'tis nothing, for your beſt Poets indeed are madde for the moſt part: farewell good-man *Full-moone*.

Ful. Pray Gentlemen if you come by call in. *Exit.*

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad, horſe your ſelues now if you be men. *May.* Hee gallop muſt that after women rides,
Get our wiues out of Towne, they take long ſtrides. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Enter old Maybery *and* Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong Inne? and withall poſſeſt *Greenſhield* that my wife is not in towne: when my proiect was, that I would haue brought him vp into the

chamber, where yong *Fetherſtone* and his wife lay: and ſo all his Artillery ſhould haue recoild into his owne boſome.

Bell. O it will fall out farre better, you ſhall ſee my reuenge will haue a more neate and vnexpected conueyance: he hath bin all vp and downe the towne, to enquire for a Londoners wife, none ſuch is to be found: for I haue mewd your wife vp already. mary he heres of a *Yorke-ſhire* Gentlewoman at next Inne, and thats all the commodity *Ware* affoords at this inſtant: now ſir, he very pollitickly imagins, that your wife is rode to *Puckridge*, fiue mile further, for ſaith he in ſuch a towne where Hoſts will be familiar, and Tapſters ſaucie, & Chamberlaines worſe then theeues intelligencers, theile neuer put foot out of Stirrop: either at *Puckridge* or *Wades-mill* (ſaith he) you ſhall finde them: & becauſe our horſes are weary, hee's gone to take vp Poſt horſe: my counſaile is onely this, when he comes in, faine your ſelfe very melancholie, ſweare you will ride no farther, and this is your part of the Comedy: the ſequell of the ieſt ſhall come like money borrowed of a Courtier, and paid within the day, a thing ſtrange & vnexpected. *Enter* Greeneſhield.

May. Inough, Iha't, *Bel* He comes.

Gree. Come gallants, the poſt horſe are ready, tis but a quarter of an houres riding, weele fertit them and fake them in-faith.

Bel. Are they growne pollitick? when do you ſee honeſty couet corners, or a gentlemã thats no thieſe lie in the Inne of a carrier.

Mai. Nothing hath vndone my wife, but too much riding.

Bel. She was a pritty piece of a Poet indeed, & in her diſcourſe would as many of your Gold-ſmiths wiues doe, draw her ſimily from pretious ſtones, ſo wittily. as redder then your Ruby, harder then your Diamond, and ſo from ſtone to ſtone, in leſſe time then a man can draw on a ſtraight boote, as if ſhe had beene an excellent Lapidary. *Green.* Come will you to horſe ſir?

May. No let her go to the diuell and ſhe will, Ile not ſtirre a foote further.

Green. Gods pretious iſt come to this: perſwade him as you are a Gentleman, there will be ballads made of him, & the burthen thereof will be, if you had rode out 5. mile forward, he had found the fatall houſe of *Braineford* North-ward, O hone, hone, hone ononero. *Bell,* You are merry ſir. (a horſeback.

Gre. Like your Cittizen, I neuer thinke of my debts, when I am

Bel, You

Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors.

Gree. Good infaith: wil you to horse? *May.* Ile ride no further.

Gree. Thē ile discharge the post-maister: was't not a pritty wit of mine maister Poet to haue had him rod into *Puckridge*, with a horne before him, ha wast not?

Bell. Good sooth excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an exellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

Bel. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee. *Green.* Why so he would in his foole.

Bel. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melācholy, tis a wench must make him mery: we must help him to a wench. when your cittizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hostis or one of her maids warmes his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him cōmand ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepes as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own linnen I meane sir, we must haue a wench for him.

Gree But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the moueable peticotes of the house.

Bel. At the next Inne there lodged to night---

Gree. Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

Bel. Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Gree. No Ile be Pander my selfe, because weele be mērry.

Bell. Will you, will you?

Gree. But how? be a Pander as I am a gentlemā? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the out-side of a Fawlconer in towne here: & now I thinke on't there are a company of coūtry plaiers, that are come to towne here, shall furnish mee with haire and beard: if I do not bring her, ---wilbe wondrous merry.

Bel. About it looke you sir, though she beare her far aloose, and her body out of distance, so her mind be cōming 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old *Maibery* merry: thar any man ſhould take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore ſnaile, heele not dare to peepe forth of doores leaſt his hornes vſher him. *Exit.*

Bel. Go thy wayes, there be more in *England* weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and Aſſes: excellent hee rides poſte with a halter about his neck. *May.* How now wilt take ?

Bel. Beyond expectation: I haue perſwaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

May. Why heele know her?

Bel. She hath beene maskt euer ſince ſhe came into the Inne, for feare of diſcouery. *May.* Then ſheele know him.

Bel. For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt my laſie inuention, for he hath diſguiſd himſelfe like a Fawkner, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring ſhape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-ſide of a Gentleman.

May. Young *Fetherſtone* will know him?

Bel. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not returne this halfe houre. *May.* Excellent if ſhe would come.

Bel. Nay vpon my life ſheele come: when ſhe enters remember ſome of your young bloud, talke as ſome of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, leaſt it betray the coldneſſe of your man-hood, but fetch a caper now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I ſo.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once ſtand to it for the credit of *Milke-ſtreete.* Is my wife acquainted with this.

Bel. She's perfect, & will come out vpō her qu, I warrant you.

May. Good wenches infaith: fils ſome more Sack heare.

Bel. Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any meanes.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordſhip for life in *Rheniſh*, with the reuerſion in Sugar, *Bell.* Excellent.

May. It were not amiſſe if we were dancing.

Bell. Out vpon't, I ſhall neuer do it.

Enter Greenſheild *diſguiſed, with miſtreſſe* Greenſheild.

Green. Out of mine noſtrils tapſter, thou ſmelſt like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon* and *Iude*, of drinke moſt horribly, off with thy

thy maſke ſweete ſinner of the North: theſe maskes are foiles to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new ſattin out-ſides to louſie linings.

Kat. O by no meanes ſir, your Merchant will not open a whole peece to his beſt coſtomer, hee that buies a woman, muſt take her as ſhe fales: Ile vnmaske my hand heares the ſample.

Green. Goe to then, old Poet I haue tane her vp already as a pinnis bound for the ſtraights, ſhe knowes her burden yonder.

Bel. Lady you are welcome: yon is the old Gentleman and obſerue him, he's not one of your fat Citty chuffes: whoſe great belly argues that the felicity of his life conſiſtes in capon, ſack, and ſincere honeſty, but a leane ſpare bountiful gallant one that hath an old wife, and a young performance: whoſe reward is not the rate of a Captaine newly come out of the Low-coũtties: or a *Yorkeſhiere* Atturny in good contentious practice, ſome angel, no the proportion of your welthy Cittizen to his wench, is, her Chamber, her diet, her phiſick, her apparell, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her euery thing. Youle ſay your yong Gentleman, is your onely ſeruice that lies before you like a Calues head, with his braines ſome halfe yeard from him, but I aſſure you, they muſt not onely haue variety of foolery; but alſo of wenches: whereas your conſcionable gray-beard of *Farrington* within, will keepe himſelfe, to the ruines of one caſt waighting-woman an age: & perhaps, when he's paſt all other good workes, to wipe out falſe waightes, and twenty ith hundred, marry her ——————

Green. O well bould *Tom* ( ) we haue preſedents, for't tr

Kat. But I haue a huſband ſir.

Bel. You haue, if the knaue thy huſband bee rich, make him poore, that he may borrow mony of this Merchant, and be layd vp in the Counter, or Ludgate, ſo it ſhall bee conſcience in you old Gentleman, when he hath ſeized all thy goods, to take the horne and maintaine thee.

Green. O well bould *Tom* ( ) wee haue preſedents for't.

Kat. Well if you be not a Nobleman, you are ſome great vallant Gentleman, by your bearth: and the faſhion of your beard: and do but thus to make the Cittizen merry, becauſe you owe him ſome money.

Bell. O you are a wag. *May.* You are very welcome.

Gree. He is tane, excellent, excellent, ther's one will make him merry: is it any imputation to helpe ones friend to a wench?

Bel. No more then at my Lords intreaty, to helpe my Lady to a pritty waighting woman: if he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuersion of some Monopoly, or a new sute of Sattin to haue done this, happily your Sattin would haue smelt of the Pander: but what's done freely, comes like a present to an old Lady, without any reward, and what is done without any rewarde, comes like wounds to a Souldier, very honourably not-withstanding.

May. This is my breeding Gentlewoman: and whether trauaile you?

Kate. To *London* sir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune Lady?

Kate. O pardon me sir, Ile haue some young landed heire to be my Forrune, for they fauour shee fooles more then Cittizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrison ith' Low-countries, is his Colonels bawd, and his Captaines Iester: he sent me word ouer, that he will thriue: for though is apparell lie ith Lumbard, he keepes his conscience ith' Mutter-booke.

May. Hee may do his countrie good seruice Lady.

Kate. I as many of your Captaines do, that fight as the Geese saued the Capitoll, onely with pratling: well, well, if I were in some Noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me. *May.* No.

Kate. No sir: and yet may be at yeares end, would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds, to marry me to his Bayly, or the Solicitor of his Law sutes: whose this I beseech you?

Enter mistrisse Maybery *her haire loose, with the Hostice.*

Hostice. I pray you forsooth be patient.

Bel. Passion of my heart, Mistresse *Maybery.* *Exeunt Fidlers.*

Green. Now will shee put some notable trick, vpon her Cuckoldly husband.

May. Why how now Wife, what meanes this? ha?

Mi. Ma. Well, I am very well: ô my vnfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

May. O

May. O wife be patient, I haue more cauſe to raile wife.

Miſters May. You haue, proue it, proue it: wheres the Courtier, you ſhould haue tane in my boſome: Ile ſpit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any diſhonor: haue I loſt the pleaſure of mine eyes, the ſweetes of my youth, the wiſhes of my bloud: and the portion of my friends, to be thus diſhonord, to be reputed vild in *London*, whilſt my huſband prepares common diſeaſes for me at *Ware*, O god O god. *Be.* Prettily wel diſſembled.

Hoſt. As I am true hoſtice you are to blame ſir, what are you maiſters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maiſters, doſt thou leaue thy Chamber in an honeſt Inne, to come and inueagle my coſtomers, and you had ſent for me vp, and kiſt me and vſde me like an hoſtice, twold neuer haue greeued mee, but to do it to a ſtranger. *Kate.* Ile leaue you ſir.

May. Stay, why how now ſweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my ſelfe, but I muſt bee haunted, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may diſcouer them, you remember *Fetherſtone Greenſheild.*

Miſt. May. I remember them, I, they are two as coging, diſhonorable dambd forſworne beggerly gentlemē, as are in al London, and ther's a reuerent old gentleman to, your pander in my conſcience.

Bel. Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, ſweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the ſelier beneath, and the ſmoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the veſſailes, I did not procure your huſband this banqueting diſh of ſuckket looke you behold the parenthe ſis.

Hoſt. Nay Ile ſee your face too.

Kat. My deare vnkind husband; I proteſt to thee I haue playd this knauiſh part only to be witty.

Gree. That I might bee preſently turned into a matter more ſodllid then horne, into Marble. (ſouldier

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil anſwere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady thar wil not think ſcorne to anſwere to the name of her firſt husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

Green. Hange of thou diuill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day, When

When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Green. A pox of your wit and your singing.

Bel. Nay looke you sir, she must sing because weele be merry, what though you rod not fiue mile forward, you haue foild that fatall house at *Brainford* Northward, O hone ho no na ne no.

Green. God refuse mee Gentlemen; you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith segges with you to night wild-ducke.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be saued: but Maister *Fetherstone*, came to meete me as far as *Roistone*.

Green. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that first stoopt, my phesant is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wise.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you sir, to haue had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him; ha: wast not;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Cittizen keepes his house, you know tis not as a Gentleman keepes his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd euen now very wisely, least his hornes should vsher him.

Green. Very good *Fetherstone* he comes. *Enter* Fetherstone.

Feth. Luke *Greeneshield* Maister *Maybery*, old Poet: *Mol* and *Kate*, most hapily incountred, vdslife how came you heather, by my life the man lookes pale.

Green. You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I am no seruingman, to feede vpon your reuersion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary sir &c in this she is like a London ordinary: her best getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villaine.

Feth. O by no meanes.

Green. No, vdslife, Ile go instantly take a purse, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Best first make your confession sirra.

Green. Tis this thou hast not vsed me like a Gentleman.

Feth. A Gentleman: thou a gentleman: thou art a Taylor.

Bel. Ware peaching.

Feth. No sirra if you will confesse ought, tell how thou hast

wronged

wronged that vertuous Gentlewoman : how thou laieſt at her two yeare together to make her diſhoneſt : how thou wouldeſt ſend me thether with letters, how duely thou woudſt watch the cittizens wiues vacation, which is twice a day; namely the exchainge time, twelue at noone and ſix at night, and where ſhe refuſed thy importunity, and vowed to tell her husband: thou wouldeſt fall downe vpon thy knees, and intreat her for the loue of Heauen, if not to eaſe thy violent affection, at leaſt to conceale it, to which her pitty and ſimple vertue conſented, how thou tookeſt her wedding ring from her, Met theſe two Gentlemen at *Ware* : fained a quarell, and the reſt is apparant, this onely remaines what wrong the poore Gentlewoman hath ſince receaued by our intollerable lye ; I am moſt hartely ſorry for, and to thy boſome will maintaine all I haue ſaid to bee honeſt.

May. Victorie wiſe thou art quit by proclamation.

Bel. Sir you are an honeſt man, I haue knowne an arrant theeſe for peaching made an officer, giue me your hand Sir.

Kate. O ffilthy abhominable husband did you all this?

May. Certainely he is no Captaine he bluſhes.

Mi. May. Speake Sir did you euer know me anſwere your wiſhes. *Gree.* You are honeſt, very vertuouſly honeſt.

Mi. May. I wil then no longer be a looſe woman, I haue at my husbands pleaſure tane vpon me this habit of iealouſie : Ime ſorry for you, vertue glories not in the ſpoyle but in the victory.

Be. How ſay you by that goody Sentence, looke you ſir; you gallãts viſit cittizẽs houſes, as the *Spaniard* firſt ſailed to the *Indies*, you pretẽd bying of wares or ſelling of lãds: but the end proues tis nothing but for diſcouery & cõqueſt of their wiues for better maintenance why looke you, was he a ware of thoſe broken patience when you met him at *Ware*, & poſſeſt him of the downfal of his wife: you are a Cockcold you haue pãderd your own wife to this gentleman better men haue don it, honeſt *Tom* ( ), wee haue preſidents for't, hie you to *London*: what is more Catholick ith Citty then for husbands daily for to forgiue, the nightly ſins of their bedfellowes : if you like not that courſe but to intend to be rid of her : tiſſle her at a Tauerne, where you may ſwallow

downe some fifty wisacres sonnes and heires to old tenements, and common gardens: like so many raw yeolkes with Muskadine to bed-ward.

Kat. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my cariadge to a horse.

Bel. And no disparagment; for a woman to haue a high forhead: a quick eare, a full eye, a wide nostrell, a sleeke skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth is most comely.

Kat. But is a great belly comly in a horse sir.

Bel. No Lady.

Kat. And what thinke you of it in a woman I pray you.

Bel. Certainly, I am put downe at my owne weapon; I therefore recant the riflying? no there is a new trade come vp for cast Gentlewemen, of peeriwip making: let your wife set vp ith Strand, and yet I doubt, whither she may or no, for they say, the womē haue got it to be a corporatiō; if you can you may make good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a comming in by haire (tho it be but a falling commodity) & by other foolish tyring, as any betweene Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

Feth. Now you haue run your selfe out of breath, here me: I protest the gentlewoman is honest, and since I haue wrong'd her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintaine her: wilt thou hang at my purse *Kate*, like a paire of barbary buttons, to open when tis full, and close when tis empty?

Kat. Ile be diuorc'd by this Christian element, and because thou think'st thou art a Cockold, least I should make thee an infidell, in causing thee to beleeue an vntrueth, Ile make thee a Cockold. *Bel.* Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go sweete: the Nag I ride vpon beares double, weele to *London*.

May. Do not bite your thumbes sir.

Kate. Bite his thumbe!
Ile make him do a thing worse than this,
Come loue me where as I lay.

Feth. What *Kate*!

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,
O the cleane contrary way.

Feth. O lusty *Kate*. *Exeunt.*

May.

May. Me thought he ſayd, euen now you were a Taylor.

Gre. You ſhall heare more of that hereafter, Ile make *Ware* and him ſtinck ere he goes, if I bee a Taylor, the roagues naked weapon ſhall not fright me, Ile beate him and my wife both out ath Towne with a Taylors yard. *Exit.*

May. O Valiant ſir *Triſtram*; roome there.

Enter Philip Leuer-poole *and* Chartly.

Phil. Newes father, moſt ſtrang newes out of the Low-countries, your good Lady and Miſtris that ſet you to worke vpon a dozen of cheeſe-trenchers is new lighted at the next Inne, and the old venerable Gentlemans father with her.

Bel Let the gates of our Inne be lockt vp, cloſer than a Noble-mans gates at dinner time.

Omn. Why ſir, why?

Bella. If ſhee enter here, the houſe wil be infected: the plague is not halfe ſo dangerous, as a Shee-hornet: *Philip* this is your ſhuffling a the cardes, to turne vp her for the bottom carde at *Ware*.

Phi. No as Ime vertuous ſir, aske the two Gentlemen.

Leuer. No in troth ſir; ſhee told vs, that inquiring at *London* for you or your ſonne, your man chalkt out her way to *Ware*.

Bel. I wud *Ware* might choake 'em both, Maiſter *Mayberry*, my horſe and I will take our leaues of you? Ile to Bedlam agen rather than ſtay her.

May. Shall a woman make thee flie thy country? ſtay, ſtand to her tho ſhee were greater than Pope *Ioane*, what are thy braines coniuring for, my poeticall bay-leaſe-eater?

Bel. For a ſprite a the buttry', that ſhall make vs all drinck with mirth if I can raize it: ſtay, the chicken is not fully hatcht, hit I beſeech thee: So; come! wil you be ſecret Gentlemen and aſſiſting.

Omn. With browne bills if you thinke good.

Bel. What wil you ſay, if by ſome trick we put this little Hornet into *Fetherſtones* boſome, and marry 'em togither.

Omn. Fuh, tis impoſſible.

Bel. Moſt poſſible, Ile to my trencher-woman, let me alone for dealing with her: *Fetherſtone* Gentlemen ſhalbe your patient.

Omn. How! how?

Bell. Thus: I will close with this country Pedlar mistrisse *Dorothy* (that trauels vp and downe to exchange Pinnes for Cunny-skins) very louingly, she shall eate of nothing but sweet-meates in my company (good words) whose taste when she likes, as I know shee will, then will I play vpon her with this Artillery, that a very proper man, and a great heyre (naming *Fetherstone*) spyed her from a window, when shee lighted at her Inne, is extreamly falne in loue with her, vowes to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, euen in *Ware*; but being (as most of your young Gentlemen are) some-what bashfull, and ashamde to venture vpon a woman.

May. Citty and suburbes can iustifie it: so sir.

Bel. Hee sends mee (being an old friend) to vndermine for him: Ile so whet the wenches stomack, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not; *Greenesheild* shall haue a hand in it too, and to bee reuengde of his partner, will I know strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is *Fetherstone* of any meanes? els you vndoe him and her.

May. Hee has land betweene *Foolham* and *London*, he would haue made it ouer to me: to your charge Poet, giue you the assault vpon her, and send but *Fetherstone* to mee, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. Hees not yet horst sure, *Phillip*, go thy wayes, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. Hees blowne vp already. *Exit.*

Bel. Gentlemen youle stick to the deuise, & looke to your plot?

Omnes. Most Poetically: away to your quarter.

Bel. I marche, I will cast my rider gallants: I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

Enter Phillip *and* Fetherstone.

May. That must hee that comes here: Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did: leape but into the Saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

Leuer. An Asse Ile be sworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake? how?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because

becauſe you ſhall be ſure to know where my loue dwels, looke you ſir, it hangs out at this ſigne: you ſhall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten: looke you ſir, there is as pretty a little Pinnas, ſtruck ſaile hereby, and come in lately; ſhee's my kinſe-woman, my fathers youngeſt Siſter, a warde, her portion three thouſand; her hopes if her Grannam dye without iſſue, better.

Feth. Very good ſir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a Stone-cutter, and rather than ſheele be ſubiect to ſuch a fellow, ſheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? ſhee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts ſo euer you haue plaid with mee, I ſee good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you ſhall clap her vp preſently.

Feth. Is ſhe young? and a pretty wench?

Leuer. Few Cittizens wiues are like her.

Phil. Yong, why I warrant ſixteene hath ſcarce gone ouer her.

Feth. Sfoot, where is ſhe? if I like her perſonage, aſwell as I like that which you ſay belongs to her perſonage, Ile ſtand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilſt 'tis hotte.

May. Away then with theſe Gentlemen with a *French* gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here ſhall runne for a Prieſt, and diſpatch you.

Feth. Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and ſome of the company ſhall keepe the doore.

May, Aſſure your ſoule ſhee will be followed: away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and ſwallowed horſe and man: hee will haue ſome body keepe the doore for him, ſheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phiſick.—how now?

Enter Captaine. Allom. Hans, *and others booted.*

Capt, God pleſſe you; is there not an arrant ſcuruy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne ſir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch* and any tongue in your head?

May. How ſo? Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

Capt. The Trab will driue you (if ſhe put you before her) into a pench hole.

Allom. Is not a Gentleman here one Maiſter *Bellamont* ſir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here preſently.

Capt. Will he? *tawſone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maiſter Suſtice of this ſhire, to ſhew no pitty nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

May. Why ſir, what has ſhe committed? I thinke ſuch a creature is ith' towne.

Capt. What has ſhe committed: ownds ſhee has committed more then man-ſlaughters, for ſhee has committed her ſelfe God pleſſe vs to euerlaſting priſon: lug you ſir, ſhee is a punke, ſhe ſhifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welſh* Gentlemen and ſuch) as ſhe does her Trenchers when ſhe has well fed vpon't, and that there is left nothing but pare bones, ſhee calls for a cleane one, and ſcrapes away the firſt.

Enter Bellamont, *and* Hornet, *with* Doll *betweene them* Greeneſhield, Kate, Mayberies *wife*, Phillip, Leuerpoole, *and* Chartley.

May. Gods ſo Maiſter *Fetherſtone*, what will you do? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in *Europe* ſhall not fetch her now, ſhe's mine ſure enough: what haue you to ſay to her? ſhee's my wife.

Cap. Ow! Sbloud doe you come ſo farre to fiſhe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; ſhee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my mooueable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild peaſts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allom. I muſt borrow fiftie pound of your Miſtris Bride.

Hans. Paiw vro, and you make me de gheck, de groet fole, you heb mine gelt to: war is it?

Doll. Out you baſe ſcums, come you to diſgrace mee in my wedding ſhooes?

Feth. Is

Feth. Is this your three thousand pound ward, yee tolde mee sir she was your Kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine Awnts.

Bell. Who payes for the Northren voyage now lads?

Gree. Why do you not ride before my Wife to *London* now? the Woodcocks ith' Sprindge.

Kate. O forgiue me deere husband! I will neuer loue a man that is worse than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a course in your Parke?

Feth. Hee may sir.

Doll. Neuer I protest, I will bee as true to thee, as *Ware* and *Wades-mill* are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate: Gentlemen, this is my opinion, it's better to shoote in a Bow that has beene shot in before, and will neuer start, than to draw a faire new one, that for euery Arrow will bee warping: Come wench wee are ioynd, and all the Dogs in *France* shall not part vs: I haue some lands, those Ile turne into money, to pay you, and you, and any: Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime sure thou hast paid me.

Omn. God giue you ioy.

May. Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe: a noyse of Musitians Chamberlaine.

This night lets banquet freely: come, weele dare,
Our wiues to combate ith' greate bed in Ware. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.